

BEAUTIFUL PANTOMIME GIVEN SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Exceptionally Appropriate and Pretty
Christmas Exercises at Second
Congregational Church

An impressive Christmas service was held Sunday afternoon at the Congregational church. The program which was given by members of the church school was most unusual and vividly illustrative of the true Christmas spirit.

A unique feature of the program was the Christmas pantomime in

which about thirty men, women and young people took part. The pantomime was adapted from Raymond Alden's beautiful story "Why the Chimes Rang" and had for its setting a historic old church famous for its Christmas chimes. The audience was much surprised and amazed by the fine effect of Gothic church architecture designed and put in place by Douglas Mackintosh and decorated by Miss Irene F. Murphy. The grey walls with their carvings, the big arch door and the windows with their delicate tracery and leaded panes combined to make a most effective setting.

The story, which was read by Miss Jeannette E. Perkins, was of a little boy, whose small but sacrificial gift to the Christ child, proved to be greater than that of a king's crown. This led up to the gift bringing of the Sunday school. The result was the four large baskets filled with useful and needed articles received for distribution by Miss Rogers. The offering for Armenian relief amounted to \$150.

The story "Why the Chimes Rang," represented in dramatic fashion, was observed by Miss Perkins in Jacksonville, Fla., last year, and it was through her efforts that its reproduction was made the feature of the exercises.

The service was opened with an organ prelude, "Christmas Song" by Victor Hammerel rendered by Mrs. George W. Keeselman. The audience then joined in the hymn "As with Gladness of Old" which was followed by a prayer by Rev. G. S. Mills and the scripture reading.

The members of the church school introduced their part in the Christmas program at this time with a child's solo, "Silent Night" sweetly sung from the vestibule of the church by Marion Ford.

The younger members of the school formed a procession in the rear of the church and marched to the platform where they celebrated the greatest of all birthdays, Christmas. Those taking part, John Thomas, Eleanor Cobb, Frances Jenny, Margaret Mackintosh, Rhoda Baker, Louise Armstrong, Dorothy Hill, John Armstrong, Joan Wilkinson, Frances Sibley, Esther Denley, Marion Ford, Douglas Mackintosh, Jr., Helen Cook and Alma Gould of Old Bennington, grouped themselves around Miss Jeannette E. Perkins, while they sang, "Carol, Children Carol," and then Miss Perkins told them the beautiful old legend of the Christ child. The youngsters amusingly portrayed their interest in the story by frequently interrupting with questions. During the first portion of the program a number of the little ones took individual parts. Among the most pleasing was a solo, "Away in a Manger" by Rhoda Baker and a recitation by John Thomas.

The cast of characters for the pantomime follow:

Pedro	Woodhall Hall
Little Brother	Everard Webster
Woman in snow	Philomena Royce
Old Man	Irving Cobb
Old Woman	Miss Maud C. Holden
Young Man	Charles Bennett
Young Woman	Miss Alice Goodell
Little girl	Doris Mackintosh
Rich Man	P. T. H. Pierson
Poor Woman	Mrs. Ford
Rich Girl	Frances Carver

Servants Carrying Gold
Arthur Elwell and Chauncey Plumb
Author
H. E. Pritchard
Musician
Richard Hall
Artist
A. S. Martin
Knight
Walfrid Wahlquist
Hunter
Robert Hart
Youth
William Wishart

Young Women
Harriet Wishart and Helen Thomas
King
Hiram Hall
Acolyte
Tarrant Sibley
Carollers—Mrs. Amyot Baker, Mrs. Lucrotius Ross, Mrs. James Martin, Miss Elsie Wahlquist, Edward C. Bennett, William S. Boynton, C. S. Estes, Howard Estes.

Much of the success of the exercises was due to the effective lighting which was in charge of William A. Austin, F. B. Pope, Max Webster and Gordon Southall. Mrs. George S. Mills and Mrs. Irving C. Cobb acted as prompters.

Special thanks are due E. T. Griswold for the chimes and to other friends contributing accessories toward making beautiful this Christmas service.

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Merry Christmas Everybody!



Is There a Santa Claus?

The New York Sun's famous reply to a little girl who wanted to know

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither

children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You can tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, 'nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.



"HO SANTA CLAUS—our own since infancy;
Most tangible of all the gods that be—
Throughout the world's evasions wiles and shifts
Thou only biddest stable as thy gifts—
Most like a winter pippin sound and fine,
And tingling red that ripe old face of thine."

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